

THE WASHINGTON HERALD
PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY
The Washington Herald Company.
425-427-429 Eleventh St. Phone Main 3300
C. T. BRAINARD.....President and Publisher
A. T. MACDONALD.....General Manager
L. M. BELL.....Managing Editor
FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:
THE S. C. BECKWITH SPECIAL AGENCY
New York, Tribune Building; Chicago, Tribune
Building; St. Louis, Third National Bank Building;
Detroit, Ford Building.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:
Daily and Sunday, 50 cents per month; \$5.00 per
year.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:
Daily and Sunday, 45 cents per month; \$4.50 per
year. Daily only, 35 cents per month; \$3.50 per
year.
Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as
second-class mail matter.
TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1918.

Holding.
Yesterday's developments almost clinched the fact that in Flanders, as in Picardy, the Hun has failed of his main objectives. He has won distinguished local successes. However, he has failed to roll the British army north to the Channel, as he has failed to make a lesion in the Franco-British line just below St. Quentin.

Of course, the second phase of the great offensive is not completed. The German is not going to quit along the Flanders front now, in spite of the repeated repulse of his ferocious attacks. He has committed himself to a certain line of action, and he will carry it to the end with his customary thoroughness. But every passing hour makes it more certain that the British line will hold. The failure of the enemy to carry his first rush to the point where he has the leverage to widen his salient and swing back the whole British line in Flanders makes it reasonably certain that the whole offensive will degenerate into a nibbling game or will become quiescent while the attack is shifted to another sector.

Have the allies yet met the best the Germans have to offer? It is very much to be doubted. The massing of heavy reserves not yet drawn upon undoubtedly means that the pounding of the allied line is to continue. Where the next blow will be struck is a question which may be answered within a week. Probably there are a number of weak spots in the French line south of La Fere of which the German imperial staff has made careful observation, and against which it is ready to launch an assault that will equal the offensive in Picardy and Flanders in intensity. It is possible that "the American front" may be involved in the next offensive. But the chief point to bear in mind with regard to the French line, particularly west of Rheims, is that no success that the enemy may win there carries the direct and immediate threat to the cause of the allies that the drive on Amiens and on the Channel ports carry. These are vital spots in the integrity of the Western line. Nothing in the swing of the line westward to Verdun, Toul and Lorraine is vital. A yield of terrain there would be nothing beyond a local success.

That the Germans themselves are cognizant of the turn events have taken is shown in a speech which Conrad Haussmann, one of the Bavarian leaders, recently made in the Reichstag. "The important question," he said, "is whether our military successes will shortly be transmuted into political successes. Our whole strength will have to be thrown into the scale for a long time yet. Peace is still a long way off and it is imprudent to expect it in the immediate future. It is not probable that in the next few months we shall have to make preparations for the fifth war winter."

There is other evidence also that Germany has made almost the ultimate gamble in her present effort to destroy the British armies. Peace by October is the objective of her military leaders. The German food controller recently stated that supplies were so small that no satisfactory solution of the economic problem can be attained. Even the maintenance of the present bread ration, small as it is, is dependent on highly problematical supplies from the Ukraine.

Added to this we have the striking evidence of the true inwardness of the Austrian situation afforded by the resignation of Count Czernin, whose passing none in allied counsels will regret. The economic situation in Austria-Hungary is much worse than in Germany. Only the "good German sword" can brow beat the dual monarchy into line for a fifth winter of war. Another winter will eat the vitals out of the whole industrial structure of Austria. Of that the clearest kind of testimony have been afforded by the Austrians and Germans themselves.

Therefore, the present offensive will be continued in the endeavor to force a decision before winter. The dead lock before Amiens and the stalling of the desperate onslaught in Flanders makes that endeavor more illusive and impossible of accomplishment even by the most imposing military juggernaut that human effort has ever pieced together.

The Man Who Lays Off.
A manufacturer of war supplies complains because his productive labor is idle to per cent of the time. In other words, his workers take off one day in every ten working days. This does not include Sundays, having reference to days of toil only.

A Pittsburgh steel manufacturer complains because his puddlers, making hitherto unheard of wages, don't work regularly, and average five days a week.

Senator Underwood insists that the shipping shortage is largely due to labor failing to respond to the demands of corporations engaged in building ships.

Senator Nelson asserts that the administration has catered to labor, thereby encouraging strikes and delays.

Whether a laborer should lay off one-tenth of his time depends largely upon the kind of work he is doing and the amount he does during the other nine-tenths. We believe that the boss is apt to overestimate the ability of the worker to toil every day, just as some workers are inclined to underestimate their power of endurance. There can be no hard and fast rule that they shall work every day. This might result in smaller production. It might affect the workers' health. But it may have to come—if the war lasts long enough. However, it should not be attempted until every worker in every nonessential industry has been shifted into an essential occupation.

Any person who has seen the puddler sweating in the heat of melting ore is not inclined to

make him work there every day as long as butlers stand behind the chairs of the dining millionaire and doormen waste their energy in opening doors for persons perfectly capable of opening doors themselves. Maybe the puddler, when he sees his boss pushing his own chair under the dining-room table and opening his own doors, will do more puddling.

Once we were near a vat of boiling iron and we jumped to the conclusion that even five minutes of it was enough.

Honestly, we believe the puddler works as hard in five days as most of us white-collared people do in fifty.

Indeed, labor in all essential occupations has pulled its pound in war help. It can do more, and will do more, just as the U. S. Senate can do more—and will, you bet!

American labor represents approximately the 90 per cent of the total population. The 90 per cent is patriotic and is taking an increased interest in the things that will win the war. But it is a matter of development, and you will find labor developing in output and efficiency just as fast as the rest of us develop stronger and stronger war winning spirit and force.

An Editorial by a Capitalist.
"The big idea is that this country has to get ships—and get them in a hurry. 'We've got to get a bridge of ships across the Atlantic. 'We can bungle the whole thing by conscripting labor. Or we can build ships faster and faster by displaying a co-operative attitude. 'It's a mistake to try to get more out of a man than he is able to give. 'On the other hand, we expect to get a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. 'American workmen will get ships into the water unless we blunder on the labor problem. We have learned that labor will respond when labor feels it is getting just consideration. Our job is to see that labor feels that way. 'The credit for what we have done so far belongs to the army of men in overalls."

The editor had started out to write an editorial. He finds that he doesn't have to. The above quotations are enough. They are the statements of a level headed business man—a business man who is turning all his resources to the aid of his government in wartime, and who is getting away with the job! His name is D. E. Skinner, and he lives and does business in Seattle, Wash. Who's Skinner? A natural question. Here is the answer:

Skinner is president of the Skinner & Eddy Shipbuilding Corporation—which is some corporation, from Uncle Sam's point of view. Here's why it is some corporation: Skinner & Eddy have broken two world's records in speedy shipbuilding in the last two months. They completed and put to sea the first ship to be delivered to Uncle Sam's Shipping Board in 146 days. This was the S. S. Seattle, which steamed out of Seattle harbor, January 14, after just that length of time on the ways, counting from the day her keel was laid.

The latest record-smashing accomplishment of the Skinner concern was in the case of the S. S. Canoga, completed in ninety-three working days. The Canoga is an 8,800-ton vessel. She left Seattle harbor ready for service March 23.

The Skinner method seems to bring results.

It Will Save Life.
The \$50 liberty bond which you may buy will help save life "over there."

It will protect 1,000 of our soldiers from smallpox and 666 from typhoid. It will assure the safety of 139 wounded soldiers from the lockjaw, the germs of which swarm in that battle-torn land where our boys are fighting against the Hun.

Your \$50 will render painless 400 operations, supply two miles of bandages—enough to bandage 555 wounds.

Your \$50 liberty bond will care for 160 injuries in the way of "first aid packets."

It will furnish adhesive plaster and surgical gauze enough to benefit thousands of wounded soldiers.

What more could you do with \$50?

A Souvenir Spoon.
The fact that most people have of collecting souvenirs was mentioned in a social gathering when this story was fittingly related by Representative Edward H. Wason, of Nebraska:

At a children's party some time since three little girls became engaged in a conversation about their birthdays and the presents they had received.

"My birthday was last Thursday," proudly remarked one of the youngsters, "and I got a nice silver spoon. 'From your papa' was on the handle."

"I got a silver spoon, too," happily returned the second. "Mine had on it, 'To my loving daughter.'"

"And so did I," declared the third with the same show of pride. "Hotel Auditorium" was on mine."—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

The Volunteer.
Oh the shrapnel was a-bustin' everywhere, An' the roar and smoke of battle filled the air; The Brownin's was a-poppin' an' the buddies a-droppin' When Ol' Pep comes up an' sings "A volunteer!"

Pepper was the C. O. of our crack brigade; Stern he was, but just as good as they are made. If on the g. we guyed him, the Ol' Man we took pride in; An' the whole bunch steps up an' sez "I'm a here!"

Well, the pride it kinder glitters in his eyes As he growls, "The rookie volunteerin'—dies. I have no explanation save that it's for our nation— Who will go?" he grunts; an' "Me!" we sez as one.

"Did I ast you for the army, now?" he sneers; But he had to blow his nose to hide his tears. "Some lad without a mother, wife or kids come from cover." An' a rook steps out—salutes. It was his son!

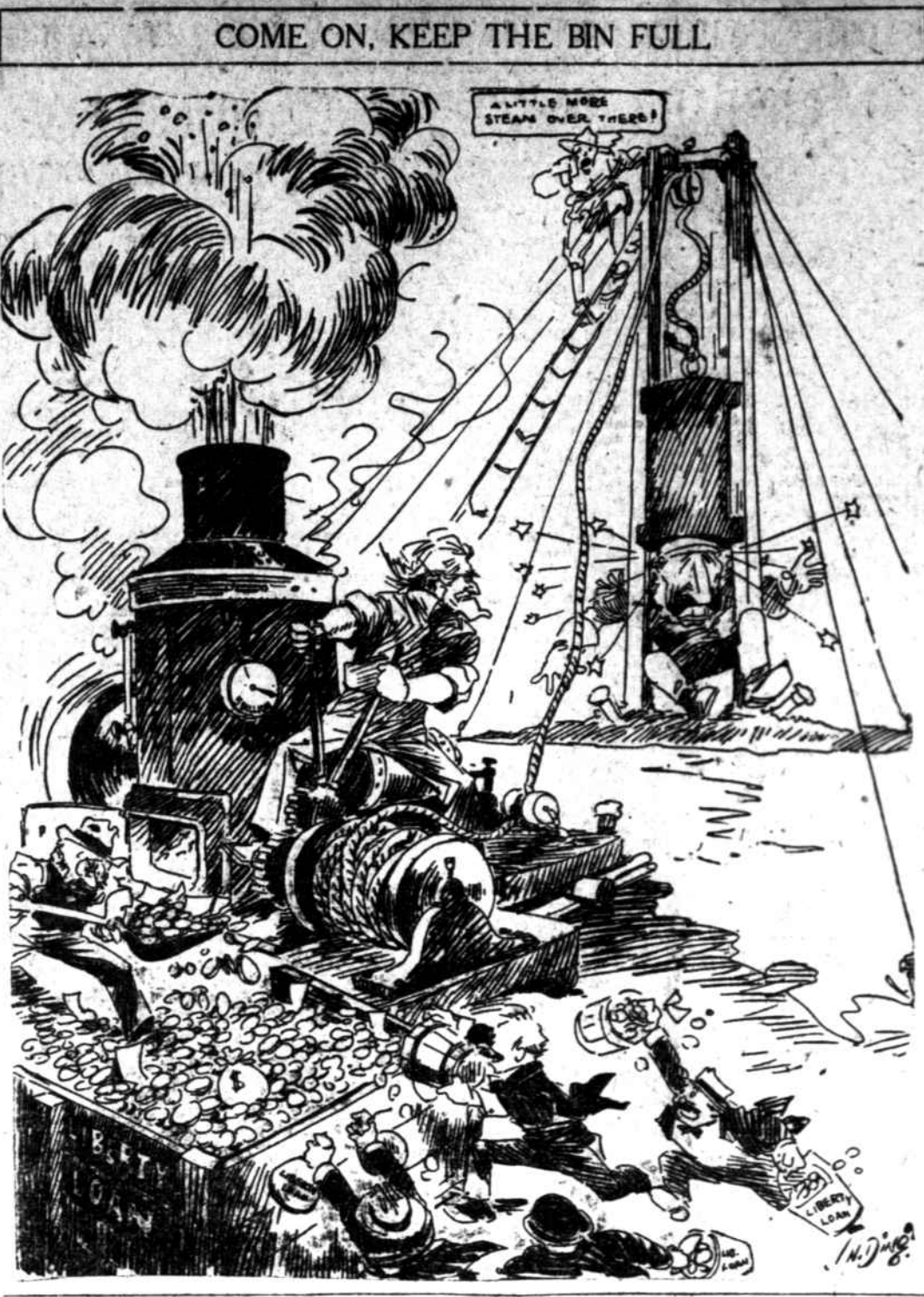
Well, Pep don't blink an eye lash, but he turns pale; An' he looks a ol' man now, who was so hale; An' he stares at his laddie, an' he stares at his daddie. An' the Ol' Man mutters hoarsely, "It is well."

Sez his son: "I'm here to do my duty, sir; An' I'm keen to win the honor you confer. Let me go—sir, I beg it. If it's Berlin I'll leg it, Though the road to Berlin is the road to 'ell.'"

"Step this way, Loo-tent N—; I guess you'll do," Sez Ol' Pepper. "You can see the bizness through." An' then we heard him falter in the dugout door, "Walter, Demme, what would your mother say, my son. Alack."

Soon the door pops open an' they both comes out; The lad's eyes is red an' so is Pepper's snout. But the boy salutes stiffly, leaps the parapet swiftly, Waves his hand and then is gone. He don't come back.

—GULPEPPER CHUNN.



HEARD UNDER THE DOME
Champ Clark may be the next Senator from Missouri, and may be chosen to take the seat vacated by the death of William J. Stone.

This is the sentiment among the many political lights who, at the State of Missouri he has furnished Washington. Champ Clark is not saying anything about it, to be sure, but his friends are and they are quite sanguine that he will be in the Upper House within a short time.

Success of the plan would mean other things—and bring about many other things. In the first place it would mean that Champ considers no one but Woodrow Wilson, among the Democrats, has a chance to be elected president.

And it would bring about a vacancy in the Speakership of the House, which might mean that the Republicans would try to capture that place, if not within the near future, at least after the fall elections are held and the March quota of new members is sworn into office.

The selection of Clark would also mean that Joe Folk's resignation from the chief counselship of the Interstate Commerce Commission had been in vain, for the latter is back in Missouri now getting ready to run for the Senate, and quiet anxious to be successful in his quest, too.

With regard to the possibilities, wait and see what happens.

Much talk has been indulged in over Gen. Wood and the probability of his assignment to duty overseas at an early date. Many well informed public men have insisted that the general should be sent there, and that he has been in the line of duty, and when he readily learned what steps must be taken if we were to prevent the Hun from achieving their end. People of the nation, in approving the course followed by Gen. Pershing and March, are not unmindful of the good service rendered by the older men who are being replaced. They will give them every honor to which they are entitled. But this is a time to move with the utmost diligence and with speed, and younger men must be pressed into the higher posts to accomplish this.

THE OBSERVER.
Gen. March's replacement of veteran officers with younger men follows the suggestions made some time ago by Gen. Pershing. The latter was in Europe only a short time when he saw the need of young blood in the conduct of this war, and when he readily learned what steps must be taken if we were to prevent the Hun from achieving their end. People of the nation, in approving the course followed by Gen. Pershing and March, are not unmindful of the good service rendered by the older men who are being replaced. They will give them every honor to which they are entitled. But this is a time to move with the utmost diligence and with speed, and younger men must be pressed into the higher posts to accomplish this.

Tents Now for Camp Dix
Draftees; More Sanitary
Camp Dix, N. J., April 15.—Arrivals here from six States as a part of the present draft will be housed in tents. This decision was reached by military officials when it was declared that sanitary conditions will be more satisfactory than if the men were crowded into the barracks. About 7,500 men are expected.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.
The Ed Goltra referred to in the House debate, over a portion of the rivers and harbors bill, was formerly Democratic national committeeman from Missouri. He has been one of the most consistent Wilson men in that State, and in all affairs of the party in his section of the country has been to the fore at all times. Mr. Pershing, of Wisconsin, seeking to favor count appropriation of money for development of the Mississippi River, may have known all of this—and he may not. But it would be interesting, just the same, to know whether he did.

If there were several Masters Statist the government could use them. It appears that this remarkable business individual, who sooner gets safely installed into an office than a new one appears on the horizon and demands his services. He appears to be just the proper individual needed by this nation in the present war. He has a superabundance of ability, and his ca-

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.
By John Kendrick Bangs.
THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN.
I waste no tears on the Might-Have-Been.
Nor brood on the chances lost.
The things that are are the things I'd win.
And I'm ready to pay the cost.
I'll soar to the heights that suit my wings.
And all that I can I'll do,
And waste no time on a quest for things
My soul is unequal to.
(Copyright, 1918.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre.
(Special Correspondent of the Washington Herald.)
New York, April 15.—The revival of the gambling murders, a throw-back to the days of Becker and Rosenthal, has stirred the Tenderloin sporting circles of Gotham. The arrest of Morris Rothenberg, a singing waiter, accused of murdering his gambling companion, throws some queer side-lights on the underworld.

It is to Young Corbett, pugilist and phrase-maker, that one turns for an adequate description of Rothenberg, who warbled blithely as he dealt ham and—off of his husky arm.

It was in the days when Corbett began to put on embonpoint and his declension from the first to the second rank of pugilism had definitely set in that the dæmon pugilist, who loved a jest even when he himself carried the brunt of it, added the term and description "stopper" to the vocabulary of Broadway.

The singing waiter was a "stopper." A "stopper" is one who tarries in the place where sporting characters gather, and who, whenever he decries currency or suspects its whereabouts, "stops" the person seen or assumed to have it, and requests the accommodation of a temporary loan.

The "stopper" has no definite places of residence. He is a vagabond, and runs service errands for whoever will grant him a tiny stake. There are many "stoppers" in the back rooms along Seventh Avenue and in the ill lighted drug stores and cheap gambling resorts.

Most of them are "hop heads"—addicts to opium smoking—and it is always possible for them to break out in crime.

Most of them live off the so-called earnings of hapless women. They dress well and seem happy at all times. If the hazards are not too great, they ride in the subway at rush hours and pick a wallet or a purse from some innocent entrained in the reading of his evening paper.

The "stopper" does not get up until sundown and he goes to bed when most folk are going to their daily work. The police know them and they stay clear of the big hotel lobbies where the grafting is always good and huz to the dimly lighted backrooms of the East Side stucco houses.

If it were not for the recent events on the Western front it might be possible to squeeze a little amusement out of the fact that the actors in a certain war film, now appearing on Broadway, picked the town of Ham as their chief locale. Also there might be further shorthills in the news that a new actor in town bears the name of Adam Egg. Select your own place to put the dash. Away up in the wilds of the Bronx, a young woman doctor bears the name of Miss Lotta Layde.

Two visitors to New York made a notable discovery at the Biltmore the other morning. It was before breakfast and they ordered two of the well-known and fairly tolerable "eye openers" known as the "Jack Rose" and asked that they be sent immediately.

What happened then, neither the men nor the management can imagine, but within a few moments a bright-faced bellboy came in with two large jack roses in full bloom. Both of the visitors took turns in calling the manager to assure him that he had good sense in opening and maintaining a large hotel in a quaint and innocent little township. After which, with the gorgeous roses properly adjusted, the men strolled to the highly polished rendezvous from which all guests were gone.

HAFF THE WILD IS NUTTY & THE REST IS SQUIRRLS

BASEBALL TODAY
Washington vs. New York
Downtown Ticket Office, 613 14th St. (Open from 8:30 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.)
CHANGE-AMUSE-

Lost in the Clouds Racing With Shells

Airman Pollock Gets Back Safe and Sound After Thrilling Hide-and-Seek Game High Above Battle Line—Lost By Fellow Aviators, He Amazes Them By Return.

By LIEUT. GRANVILLE A. POLLOCK, American Aviator in the Lafayette Flying Corps of the French Foreign Legion.
(Copyright, 1918.)

I'll never forget the time I got lost in the clouds. I not only missed my squadron, but it seemed as if the whole earth had given me the slip.

I was out protecting a photographing reconnaissance. The six of us, the big two-seater with the camera (fixed Vickers gun for the pilot and twin Lewis gun for the photographer) and five single-seater protecting chasers, spread out in V-formation, had no sooner reached the lines when we slid over a bunch of billowy clouds that were sweeping down from the northeast.

Our mission was an important one, so the "biplane" kept grimly on. It was our duty just to follow and shoot down any Fokkers or Albatrosses that might try to get our \$5,000 "vest pocket" camera (five feet from lens to ground glass), at that time one of the only two of its kind in France.

3,500 Meters in Air.
We were up 3,500 meters. The cloud layer was below us at the 2,500-yard level. Those confounded pictures had to be taken at all risks. And we were according quite a famous observer-photographer, Lieut. Georges, late of the Chasseurs d'Alpin, or "Blue Devils." Never mind if the boches do get the pilots in the chase planes—the camera must be saved.

The clouds were between us and the earth. So down into them the leader plunged. And down the same way went the rest of us. It was a particularly thick blanket, and when we emerged out of the bottom of it we were almost exactly Hand-zee-me, which welcomed us with a furious A-A "Good Morning" (anti-aircraft barrage). We made a grand target only 2,500 meters up and sharply silhouetted against the clouds.

In spite of the encircling "Archies" the photographer made a few exposures. He was a little out of his senses and then, the fog getting uncomfortable, he said, "I'm lost. I've got to get out of here." He led us back into the clouds.

Flying through the clouds is a dangerous stunt. There's no groping your way. You must keep up a terrific speed, though practically blindfolded. My position was in the middle of the open end of the V-wedge. The cloud had herded closely in on me when I narrowly escaped crashing into the ghostlike shape of one of our scouts as it suddenly swerved in front of me. To avoid a collision, I dodged in the opposite direction, climbed and missed the crossing. In less than a minute I broke out of the top of the cloud into the sunshine—BUT NOT TO SAFETY.

Sailing serenely along the upper air was a German patrol going toward the lines. I recognized the shape of enemy planes in a jiffy. I ducked back in the cloud and hid. I hadn't seen anything of the rest of my patrol anywhere.

Surrounded by Enemy.
For two or three minutes I flew by compass. My machine was a dripping mass of moisture and my goggles were fogged. I might have just come out of the sea. I was in a hell of a hole. There were boches above and 100 to 1 enemy patrols below. Then I ran into a hole in the cloud—the hole of a doughnut—and more trouble, the hole in the cloud was the target and I was the bulls-eye for German gunners below.

"Cush! Cush! Cush!"—a score of "Archies" were hurting around me. Tipping my machine over on its side I got a good view below—and shuddered at the sight. I was right over Ostend, where the anti-aircraft defenses are the strongest on the whole Western front. Gunners are planted here as thick as the quills on a porcupine's back. Ostend "Archies" are world-famous. Try one and you will use no others.

My first instinct was to beat it for the sea, but I was not to be so plain and had no desire to be seen to swim for it by the German naval air patrols. I turned heavenwards and landwards.

One anti-aircraft gun was persistently potting at me. The shells were going off with annoying regularity right at the back of my tail. For a minute I raced with death against those shells. I just beat each succeeding shell to the line.

PURELY PERSONAL.
Edgar H. Hall, of Raleigh, N. C. is visiting friends in Friendship Heights, D. C.

Paul H. Maynard has received a probationary appointment as stenographer with the General Land Office.

Roderick L. Martin, of the Government Printing Office, is confined to his home with illness.

Lee G. Moran, of Shady Side, Pa., is in the city for a few days.

McComas Turner, of the Patent Office, has resigned.

John Francis Hartman, of the Geological Survey, is in New York on government business.

Ex-State Senator William E. Miller, of Newark, Ohio, is here for a few days visiting his son, Assistant Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. W. H. Miller, president of the William E. Miller Hardware Company, of Newark, Ohio.

A. C. Wilson left Washington yesterday for New York.

Don McComber is in Washington on a short furlough from the naval reserve.

Craig Shipley expects to leave for France in the next two weeks.

R. C. West will leave for Norfolk today to visit his son Earl, who is in the naval reserves.

AMUSEMENTS.
Mets. STRAND Even. 15c. FOR THE ENTIRE WEEK. HARRY HARRIS. A. H. WOODS BROADWAY HIT THE GUILTY MAN. WONDERS OF THE EAST.

GARDEN
TODAY—ANT TIME! ALICE JOYCE IN THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

LOEW'S COLUMBIA
Continues, 10:30 A. M. to 11 P. M. Morn., Atl. 15c. Night, 10c. 15c. 20c. ALL THIS WEEK DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "Mr. Fix-It."

BASEBALL TODAY
Washington vs. New York
Downtown Ticket Office, 613 14th St. (Open from 8:30 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.)
CHANGE-AMUSE-

B. F. KEITH'S 25c and UP
DAILY: 10:30 SUN: 10:30 HOLYS: 10:30 and 11:30
Pat. Marion The Lady Dainty
Rooney & Bent Bessie Wynn
In "OVER HERE" The Broadway Beauty
by Authors of "Friendly Enemies" in New York
Frank Fay, Lew Brice & Bart Twink
Six Others in Recent Successes.

GAYETY Burlesque de Luxe.
JAS. E. COOPER'S BIG SUCCESS.
"The Best Show in Town"
With FRANK HUNTER, "Lone King."
Next Week—Golden Crooks with Billy Adelman.